

SUMMER ON WASKASOO

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## Editorial---Argent

**T**HIS IS AN URGENT MESSAGE to all who derive any pleasure from reading the "Log." Shortly before this issue went to press, the Editor learned that his name and that of our chief illustrator, F/Lt. Andrew, were on the latest posting list. Also on that list was the name of F/O Biscoe, who contributed a number of photographs to this issue. The bulk of the material of this issue was contributed by these three.

If the "Log" is to continue to flourish, new contributors and new illustrators must be found. It is not yet decided who will be the next Editor, but whoever it is, he will need to call upon new sources of articles, illustrations and photographs. This means YOU — not the other chap.

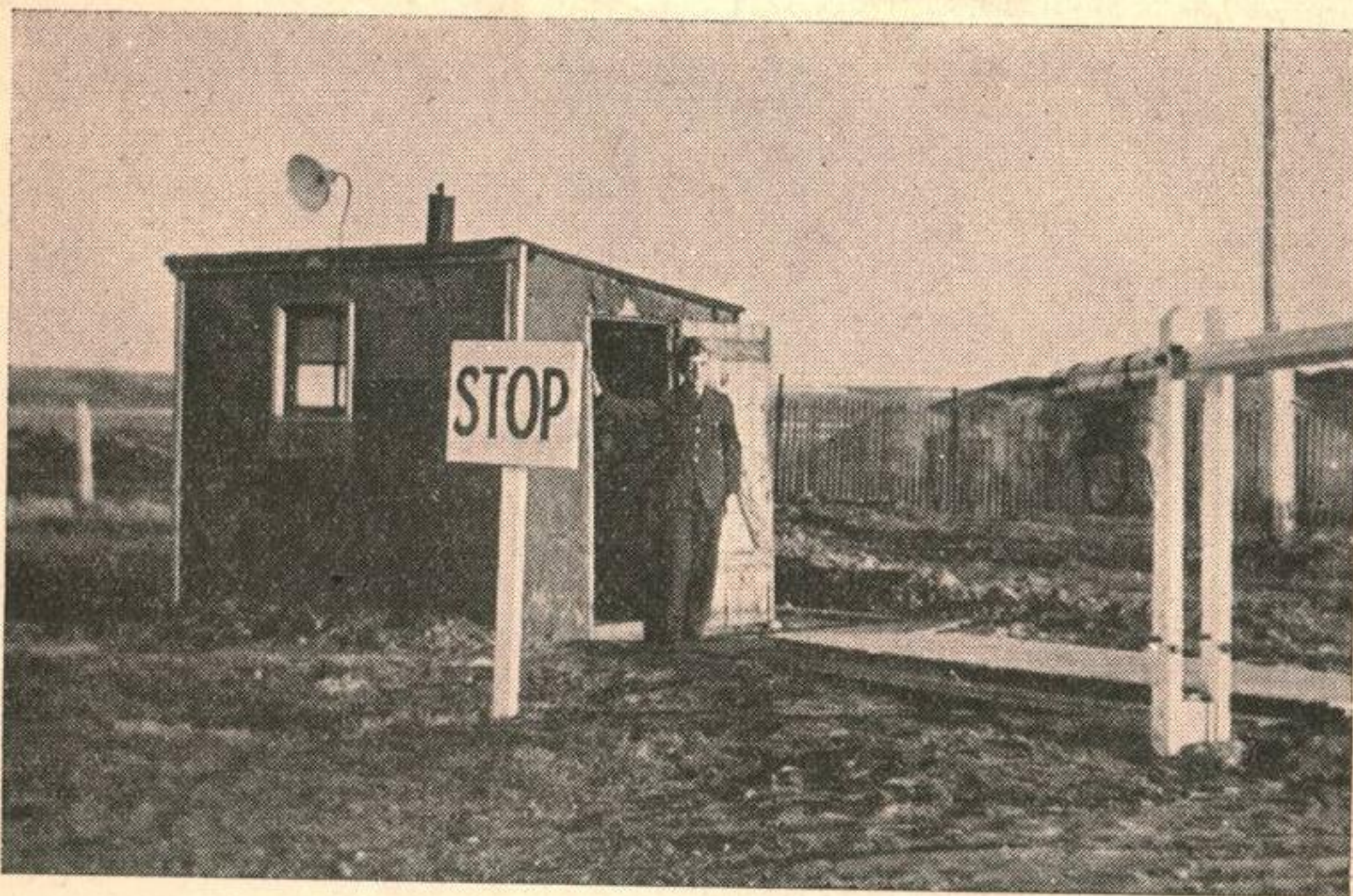
This is what you can do. Write up your own section, as Innisfail and Blackfalds have been written up this month. Write up the biographies of the "Personalities" you know. The Photographic section will co-operate with photographs of your section or of personalities. Write up some phase of station life, get it illustrated by photographs or drawings. If you can draw, offer to do regular illustrations for the "Log" — it need not take you more than an hour or so a month.

Pending the appointment of a new Editor, get in touch with any member of the Committee. Give them not only contributions, but ideas and suggestions for features. But the most important thing is—

**DO IT YOURSELF — AND DO IT NOW!**

# “Blood, Sweat and Tears”

## At Big Bend



LIFE at the relief fields has special qualities which are only appreciated at first hand. For the uninitiated, a posting to a relief field is regarded as a form of banishment . . . but those who come to know what it is all about become deeply attached to their isolation—so deeply attached, indeed, that the threat of being returned to the parent unit becomes a disciplinary weapon of amazing potency.

The senior of Penhold's two relief fields is Innisfail, better known to its veteran inhabitants by the local name of Big Bend. For the R.1. is a far cry from Innisfail, as those who have walked, or attempted the journey by car, through winter snow-drifts or spring mud, know well enough. And from Penhold, as each successive course of pupils learns, it is a miserable hour of bumping and swaying in an open truck.

Nor is the first glimpse of the Innisfail R.1. entirely encouraging, particularly to service police who see at the gate a derelict hut which might be mistaken for a chicken coop if it were not labelled (somewhat drably) "Police." This is the Guard Room, where in winter a preposterous heat is generated by a stove in a vain endeavour to block out by sheer internal pressure those knife-like wedges of sub-zero cold which deserve a more forceful name than draughts. In spring the stove serves as an anchor to prevent the guard room floating away on the rising waters, and in summer as a smoke pot to discourage at least a percentage of Innisfail's teeming mosquitoes.

There is some reason to believe that the guard room was the first building at the R.1., for way back, when Penhold was still a litter of constructor's debris, Innisfail boasted nought but runways and an expanded sentry box which stood up near the north-east corner of the runways. Here instructors and pupils used to fight an unsuccessful struggle with the ground crews for a glimpse of the stove. Since the completion of the hangars and the quarters, this hospitable hut has been removed, only, we suspect, to reappear, with far-sighted economy, as a guard room.

This introduction to Innisfail is at least in keeping with bleak expectations—for many expect it to be bleak, and those who know better like to

cultivate the legend of living far from humanity. Actually, its special charm lies in its being a small and in many ways isolated unit. There is undoubtedly a touch of romance in eating ice cream on Easter Sunday which has been flown in for the occasion. But the unromantic fact is that the other rations come daily by road—and the Innisfail “run” has rarely failed, in spite of legends of the winter when Innisfail was cut off from the outer world, and the snow-blower buried itself in a self-generated snow-drift.

Innisfail is most liked because life there is “matey.” The small body of men there have a better chance than at Penhold to get to know each other, to develop a spirit of good fellowship and team work. This spirit is exemplified by the burst of enthusiasm for football which has come with the spring. Furious matches have been played until dusk becomes night between the “Mechs” and teams made up of pupils and instructors, and between the “Mechs” and “Station Headquarters” (which consists of Cpl. McLellan Jones, who does not play football, and any volunteers from any section).

### Personalities Past . . .

Beginning in its early days, Big Bend started to acquire a select band of permanent residents. Quite the oldest inhabitant was Cpl. Cramphorn, who has returned home after spending almost his entire tour of duty in the Orderly Room at Big Bend. Known as “Old Scrumpy,” he became the uncrowned king of Big Bend, and in that office set a standard of dignity and authority which can rarely have been excelled. His departure was the occasion of a party, an exceptionally good party, which he would probably never have been able to live down had his posting been cancelled at the last moment . . . the affair remains a treasured chapter in the secret history of Big Bend. Cpl. Cramphorn was famous for his record of maximum and minimum temperatures which he took with devoted regularity for all the months of his tenure of office; for his dressing gown; and for his breath-taking skill in showing a long succession of O.C.’s how Innisfail was in the habit of being run.

Innisfail in its hey-day did not harbour the present strenuous bunch of pupils and instructors passionately flogging the course average back onto the datum line. Rather it was a resort where an instructor took tea with the O.C. while his pupil went solo, and a small body of ground-crew quietly salvaged the occasional prang. The office of O.C. was contested by senior instructors as a fortnight’s well-deserved retreat from the madding crowd. There was much coming and going of aircraft, but they always went back to Penhold, leaving the evenings for beer, bingo, and symphony concerts. For the reigning N.C.O. was then Sgt. Janssens, a worshipper of classical music who regularly informed the O.C. when a symphony concert was due on the radio. He was also responsible for introducing to the camp various trick puzzles, one of which is still baffling transient instructors with the problem of moving a block of wood from one corner of a box to the other. Those were the days when there was floor polish, and Sgt. Janssens proved a tartar in his drive for glittering floors. He turned his attention to the walls of Innisfail with an artistic appreciation of “Pin-ups,” and his last act on being posted home (nearly a year ago now) was to decorate the Sergeants’ Mess with the pick of his collection. Unhappily that magnificent mural display is now no more.

Having set out on a brief historical memoir of Innisfail, it would be incomplete without a word of LAC Buckley, who was in charge of equipment, and who, with Sgt. Janssens and Cpl. Cramphorn, made up a triumvirate round which, it seemed then, Innisfail would permanently revolve. He was the pianist for many memorable sing-songs in the canteen. On matters of equipment he proved infallible, and on one occasion supplied an O.C. of three days’ experience of Innisfail with all the right answers when the station was visited by a very enquiring Command Auditor.

## . . . And Personalities Present

Innisfail is now acquiring a new set of permanent residents, chief of whom is Sgt. "Jock" Greig, irreverently known to erks as "Old Bugeyes." Soon after coming to Penhold in March, 1943, Sgt. Greig took over the Night Flying Flight, and there began to acquire a reputation for working miracles, always



producing the aeroplane when it was wanted. After six months of night flying suppers as his main meal of the day, he was transferred to Innisfail, and there continues to work more miracles by day. He is a Scotsman from Edinburgh whose job was accountancy and whose hobby was the dismantling of his car. His hobby led him to the more complex problems of servicing aircraft, working first on Spitfires before coming to Canada. At home in Scotland he was a passionate fisherman, so much so that even on his honeymoon he was out at crack of dawn to the nearest stream, coming back at 4 a.m. to wake his disgusted wife to show her his catch. So far he has not done any fishing in Canada, but the temptation at Innisfail is likely to prove too strong to resist.

His second in command is Cpl. Church, who is chiefly famous for his visits to Sylvan Lake and the black-book in which he records late arrivals in the morning. This is now so well known that the ground crew wait at the windows of their room in the quarters until Cpl. Church takes up his place, book in hand, at the corner of the hangar. Then, believing that there is safety in numbers, they set off in a body for work.

The football field is one of the best places to study the Innisfail personalities. There the outstanding player is AC Joe Ferguson, who used to play first division professional football. Watching him dash down the wing, no one would believe his age, which we do not intend to give away in any case. He not only knows all the tricks of an outside right, but is yards faster than most on the field. He modestly declares he is easy to stop—if you know how. He sometimes spends an awkward second half after a pupils' and instructors' team have detailed up to three of their players to look after him. Ferguson plays impartially for "S.H.Q.," "Mechs," or any other team, as he is engaged in looking after the Sergeants' Mess and at times the Officers' Mess. He is the camp Poet Laureate, in off duty moments, writing poems which have a wide circulation among the ladies of Innisfail and neighborhood, although he writes them for just one person. It appears that the lads find Joe's poems a great help in maintaining friendly relations. Fortunately, Joe is a generous soul and, in fact, is quite proud to know that his poetry is thought good enough for borrowing.

Another Big Bend inhabitant, particularly famous amongst the pupils who come to Innisfail from time to time, is another "Jock"—Cpl. McCormack, who is responsible for keeping them fit and healthy through vigorous "P.T. and D." Jock's favourite idea of "P.T." is to allow the pupes to run right round the drome, at full speed, or to take them on a nice long route march

through the mud. Many fervent wishes as to his ultimate destination have been heard issuing from the pupils' crew room. Fortunately, Jock, being Scotch, cannot understand what anyone else is saying, or his feelings would be hurt.



Big Benders at Play

Innisfail boasts one batman, AC Billings, who copes cheerfully with a bunch of instructors who loudly call for meals at odd hours, and tea when the weather clamps. He is also a keen footballer who plays for anybody who is playing against a team of instructors; his arms and legs have been noted to have a singularly wide range of action. On the football field you can also find LAC Bevan industriously working off his surplus girth . . . and listen to LAC Ashby directing operations from the goal-mouth.

## Cookhouse Movies

On the camp itself there is less scope for entertainment than at Penhold. The cookhouse runs to a ping-pong table and a dart board, but the supply of balls and darts is uncertain. Twice a week cinema shows are put on in the cookhouse and there is now a projector kept at Innisfail. In the past, the projector and the film were brought over to Innisfail by the Y.M.C.A. supervisor—and the film show was liable to cancellation by bad weather. The Innisfail audience has seen good, bad, and indifferent film shows. The most remarkable performance occurred recently when the sound unit failed, but the audience voted to give it a trial without sound. The first feature was a short depicting the antics of a chimpanzee, which went over satisfactorily without the usual facetious commentary. When it came to the main feature, however, a tolerant audience was able to stand the silent miming of Claudette Colbert for less than five minutes, which possibly points a moral . . . . .

Innisfail has recently acquired a Y.M.C.A. Canteen manager in Mr. Brooks, whose most unenviable task is the rationing of beer. He has quickly learned that it is not wise to exceed the night's ration on loud assurances that "We won't want any tomorrow," for the cry for a glass of beer is never louder than when the canteen has run dry. The Canteen is well stocked with the usual wares, and also includes a small library catering for a wide range of tastes.

## Football and Gophers

There is talent enough at Innisfail to put a good soccer eleven into the field in the station inter-section league. They put in so much practice in the evenings that they might prove fitter than most. But they are handicapped in being unable to get away from Innisfail for matches at Penhold, and they will only be able to enter the league if they can play the bulk of their matches at Innisfail. Already the Big Bend XI has run up one notable victory in beating a Bowden team.



The other major sport besides football is gopher catching. This has been reduced to a fine art, for the supply of gophers is plentiful. The technique is simple. Watch for a gopher, then chase it. There is no hope of catching it so crudely, but, once the hole it has escaped down is spotted, the sport begins. Obtain some ten or twenty yards of string, place a noose round the hole, and withdraw to the end of the string. Then, like fishing, it is just a matter of waiting. In due time the gopher puts its head out to see what is doing; a well-timed tug on the string will produce a gopher securely attached to the string. The technique of taming gophers has not yet been perfected, though the first exploratory steps in this direction have already been made by Cpl. Jones, of the Service Police. One vital precaution must be taken when undertaking gopher taming—and that is to chain down Bonzo, the camp dog, who is otherwise liable to interrupt the proceedings with fatal results—for the gopher!

## Square Dance or Jive

One of the marks of an Innisfail old-timer is an ability to follow the intricate manoeuvrings of a "square dance." Two fields over from the far side of the aerodrome is the Big Bend schoolhouse where the square dance has not yet been ousted by modern jive. There the local farmers, with their wives and children, periodically gather for a whist drive until 11 p.m. and dancing from then on until near dawn, and there can be found a few from R.A.F. Innisfail being guided through the sequences of the old traditional dances of the Canadian prairies, to the music of a piano, a violin and a trumpet. The schoolroom is small and the crowd many, and it is well not to bump too clumsily into the corners, for you may disturb those of tender years who have been put to rest on improvised bunks. The dances go gaily on into the night, and here the R.A.F. learns something authentic of the spirit of farming Canada. For those who tire of the dance, or need a breath of fresh air, there are see-saws in the yard outside . . . which only goes to show how mad the English are.

Dancing is one of the regular means of relaxation for the men of Big Bend. Every Saturday there is a 25 cent dance at the Grand Opera House at Innisfail, where admission is not by ticket, but by the mark of a rubber stamp on the back of the hand. Here the dancing strikes a more hectic, modern mood. Then there are regular parties run by the Innisfail High School Sorority, with games and dancing. In this way the girls of Innisfail have been

providing hospitality for Big Bend ever since the R.A.F. first took over the aerodrome. The Sorority evenings are important social engagements in the Innisfail diary. They provide free and varied entertainment, with a floor show for which the R.A.F. supplies some of its own local talent. Here instructors have been found reciting Lancashire monologues, and pupils chewing up a length of string towards the ultimate goal—a marshmallow.



Sorority Dance — Coffee Time

## Massive Mascot

No small unit is complete without its pets. Bonzo, the dog, is a much loved and massive mascot. Like many of the best dogs, he just appeared at Innisfail one day many months ago, found the life to his liking, and has stayed ever since. Broadly speaking, he might be called an Alsatian, though it has been suggested that his ancestry runs directly back to the timber wolf. He has pride of place on the "Liberty runs" into Innisfail. The truck never leaves camp without him, and he never misses the run back to camp late at night. He is an amiable dog, who once provided an instructor with a cushion for the usually rough trip into town—it was only on getting out that the instructor discovered that the secret of his comfort was that he had been sitting on Bonzo. The station cat is known only as "Kitty" or "Pussy." She is a handsome grey Persian, with a predilection for the O.C.'s bed as a couch, much to the annoyance of batman Billings. She has struck up a firm friendship with Bonzo, based on an agreement not to encroach on the other's feeding grounds.

\* \* \*

It seems that when a woman wears shorts, her charms are enlarged without being enhanced.

\* \* \* \* \*

Success in marriage is much more than finding the right person: it is a matter of being the right person.

Then there are the three Chinese sisters who aren't married: Tu Yung Tu, Tu Dum Tu, No Wan Tu.

\* \* \* \* \*

An erk who watches the clock generally remains one of the hands.

## “Liberty Run”

AT FIVE O’CLOCK the “ration” truck from Penhold rolled in to our desert outpost at Big Bend. At five minutes past five it was magically transformed into the “Liberty Run,” acquiring temporary glamour in our eyes, even though its “pancake makeup” was just plain mud. Our neighbors at Bowden were giving a dance, so certain of the “pupes” were given permission to have a night out, as well as the more permanent staff, whose “Liberty Run” it was. At 7:30 all the “pupes” and main staff were ready and waiting at Gestapo H.Q., which is disguised as a small, ramshackle hut squatting in a sea of mud. At 8:30 they were still waiting, as the “drones” of the camp had unfortunately had to work later than usual, and we could not leave without them. Nine o’clock, and still waiting. Then, around the corner of the “beehive” came two glaring lights, followed by a loud, raucous noise, which was recognised as Geordie “singing.” The Liberty Run was on its way. The truck ground to a halt and in we clambered, together with Bonzo, the Station Mascot, out for his weekly visit to town to visit his various girl friends.

The trail to Innisfail was enlivened with untuneful but enthusiastic song, drowning out the wind whistling through the wide open spaces in the “covered wagon’s” top. “Salome” lasted until we came to the river bridge, then “Macnamara’s Band” and “Lulu” and by the time they were finished we were running into Innisfail. Astonished shouts from natives passed on the trail encouraged the singers to louder and more varied efforts; even Bonzo joined the chorus when someone sat heavily upon him as the covered wagon bumped over a deeper-than-usual rut. As the bright lights of Innisfail came into view and the covered wagon bumped over the railroad crossing, “Lulu” changed to “Nellie Gray”—just in time. A short stop on “Broadway” enabled several intrepid airmen to venture forth from the covered wagon in search of local entertainment. Bonzo, too, left us here, disappearing around the corner on some mysterious errand of his own.

Then, on again rolled the covered wagon. Nearing the main trail south, our driver lost control of the “horses” for a split second, recovering only just in time to prevent the run turning into a “cross-country.” More song enlivened the soft, perfumed night—perfumed by the exhalations from the covered wagon’s exhaust and a more elusive scent, finally traced to Paddy’s feet. The wagon rolled steadily onward, creaking and groaning. Finally it slowed and we turned in at Bowden’s gate, amid loud shouts of “Get a move on—there’s 15 minutes yet!” A terrific scramble from our conveyance and a rush up the road. But, alas! the old familiar cry arose—“You’ve had it, chums. You’ve had it! The Canteen’s closed. There’s no beer left; there’s no beer left!” Even the coffee counter was closed! So we straggled down to the dance hall, to discover old friends there before us. As we neared the dance hall, someone asked, “Where have we heard that . . . row before?” “Why, at Penhold-on-the-Prairie, of course!” Yes, it was the famous Penhold Dance Band, transported thence to do their worst for Bowden’s hepcats. Our old friend Bill Sykes was there, beating his cymbals and banging his drums, with the rest of the band trying to keep up and not quite making it.

On the dance floor, too, was a familiar sight—the Faery Queen—tripping over himself as usual (or was he tripping over the “line” he was shooting to the girl trying to uphold his drooping form?). Amazing were the different dancing styles to be seen, especially as viewed from the balcony, from where all angles were exaggerated. There were the “slow and stately” couples, revolving in dignity; the huggers; the cheek-to-cheekers (with another part of their anatomies prominently displayed, in apparent compensation); the side-by-siders; the “affectionate” couples, each with an arm wrapped tightly around a partner’s shoulders; the “stand-offs”—one couple dancing at least two feet apart from each other, grimly concentrated, with just their fingertips touching; the lop-sided ones, with an arm straight up in the air and the other rigidly pointing downwards, swaying like deep-sea sailors. One very small

gentleman, about 15 years old, dancing solemnly with a girl head and shoulders above him. All kinds and colours of uniform, light blue, dark blue, grey, battledress—even a sailor, all intermingled with varied styles in civilian dress.

One visiting Gestapo agent was seen standing on the sidelines for a period unusually long for him. Our "Billings"-gate representative, too, solemnly chewing a cud of gum as he piloted a blonde around the dance floor—a dreamy look on his face, no doubt thinking of 6:30 next morning and various cups of tea to be made.

And so the dance went on, until midnight neared. Then, a cry went up, "The covered wagon is moving on; all Big Benders must now leave for home." Reluctantly, one by one, we climbed into the wagon and away we went.

"Lulu" and "Salome" again enlivened our journey. The wagon rolled at last into "Broadway" again and ground to a creaking stop. A short pause for refreshments and to pick up those previously left behind (including Bonzo, who had to be lifted in!) and we were away again, back to Big Bend and humdrum life once more. The various bumps and potholes encountered on the way now provoked no more than a murmured grumble. Into camp the covered wagon finally rolled and out we jumped, to plough through the mud for a "goodnight" visit to the Gestapo, and so to bed.

Once again the Liberty Run was over.—Mac.  
31st March, 1944.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Morning in Hatter's Castle.

It was very, very late before  
The Adjutant came in.  
He'd been up late the night before  
And was feeling rather grim.

He'd not been in ten minutes  
And I'd just put up the 'phone  
When he pressed the bell to summon  
Our bright-eyed Sgt. Coan.

Now the Sergeant he was busy  
In arguing with Maccoy,  
And all the files around him  
Really gave him little joy.

"All right," I said, "I'll see the Adj.  
Get on with what you're doing,"  
While Gower lounged about the place,  
As usual, he was chewing.

So to the Adj. I bent my steps  
And looked my tunic over  
And hastily removed my tie  
From inside my pullover.

"Good morning, Sir," I said to him  
On entering the door,  
And he returned my greeting, adding,  
"The weather's rather poor."

But quickly coming to the point  
He said, "I want a file,  
The name just now escapes me, but  
I'll remember it awhile.

"It's to do with cooking doughnuts  
In a patented machine,"  
And hopefully he looked at me,  
"You know the file I mean?"

With puzzled brow I racked my  
brains  
And then at last I said,  
"No file of that description, Sir,  
Comes into my poor head."

"Ridiculous," the Adj. replied,  
"You are a seeley ass,  
Your stupidity, it knows no bounds,  
Your ignorance is crass."

"Still, never mind," he hurried on  
Before I could retort,  
"It's nearly time for lunch, I see,  
And a glass of Branvin Port."

"The file is of no consequence,  
It really does not matter,  
Thank you so much for coming in,  
You're looking rather fatter."

All hastily I did retreat  
And chuckling with glee,  
Returned once more with thankfulness  
Into the Registry.

I found the place deserted  
And I wondered what was up,  
But on looking at my watch I found  
'Twas nearly one o'clock.

## Station Cinema

A GREAT AID in the compilation of the Cinema programmes is intelligent criticism of those for previous months; and, if we discuss here some of the problems with which we are confronted, it is with no wish to check the flow of informed comment. Assuming that perfection is unattainable, total lack of criticism would (in a free country) indicate an equal lack of interest.

Every month, some seventeen different films are presented, making the life of a West End cinema manager (who shows the same film for weeks on end) seem enviable. It is a vintage year in the cinema industry when, say, twenty undeniably first-rate films are produced, so that it is clearly impossible to maintain the standard of excellence which some seem to expect, even by drawing on the productions of years gone by. The local distributors, under the genial persuasion of Mr. Morris Beatty of Red Deer, deal very handsomely with us, and frequently we present films before they are shown in Red Deer, or even in Edmonton and Calgary. We have heard people complain that they saw one of the films a month or two earlier elsewhere in the province, and no doubt that is true. What they overlook is that in yet another month they may well find the same film being shown in Vancouver, Winnipeg or even London, England (wherever that may be).

Nearly everyone seems convinced that it should be easy to present revivals of old films. Unfortunately, however, the film industry is nowadays rarely able to prepare serviceable copies of old pictures, because there is a shortage of film. Very wisely, there is reluctance to issue old and worn copies, since they are bound to impress audiences unfavourably.

We have touched on some of what may be called the "business" difficulties. Far more involved is the question of public taste. Penhold's population contains almost every variety of man and superman. We have the classical scholar, the ordinary type which vaguely conceives "the Judgment of Paris" to be the French equivalent of the Old Bailey, down to the man whose idea of good reading is a perusal of the comic strips—anyone lower than that would presumably be in some other service. Not one film in a hundred appeals to everyone, yet, clearly, each man on the station has a right to a share of his favourite kind of entertainment. Perhaps it is sad, but a technicolour, all-singing, all-dancing, all-leg (and nearly everything else) horror has unquestionably the widest popularity. Yet the lovers of these Hollywood phenomena must be patient when occasionally something a little more solid is shown—even if it involves keeping quiet so that the dialogue can be heard. At least we have no feminine element in our midst (if we exclude those who minister to the sick), whose tastes, whatever they might be, would have to be considered!

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## Male Voice Choir

Quite a different form of entertainment was enjoyed on Sunday, March 26th, 1944, when St. David's Male Voice Choir from Edmonton were our visitors. Although the audience was small, it was very appreciative, and loudly applauded the fine and vigorous rendering of various choral numbers and many individual turns. Amongst the audience could be seen the critical members of the Penhold Male Voice Choir, but after the first few numbers came the realisation that this was indeed a well balanced choir, and any defects were insignificant in comparison to the programme as a whole.

Special mention must be made of three of the company for their exceptional ability: Miss Thelma Rice for her rendering of, "You Are Free" from "Blossom Time" and "The Holy City"; Guy Turner for "Bird Song at Eventide" and "Trees," and a pretty little dancer, Miss Betty Carney, for her "Sailor's Hornpipe" which gave us all a momentary yearning for the Navy.

# Canteen Company

**F**REQUENT excursions to the "Y" provide a cross-section of our fellow men. The Canteen is indeed a true reflection of the society in our midst, out of which welter of humanity the trained observer might find in this plush-lined palace much at which to wonder, and much which is amusing, enlightening and astonishing. If you squat long enough near the thinly disguised "Dumb-Waiter" . . . "Jed" and "Harry" show up in many and varied lights. It would not be possible to list the full gamut of "types" passing through, and the following should be treated merely as the tabulation of a few.

**The Edger, Wiggler or Sidler:** That sure-footed individual of many queues in many canteens, is an experienced hand. He it is, who, coming in late, is faced by a colossal line-up before him. Is he daunted thereby? Not on your life . . . it is lifeblood to him. Straight to the head of the queue he goes, taps some shrinking erk on the shoulder, forces two bits into an unwilling hand and hoarsely murmurs "Corfee and Sandwich, and make it slippy"! Presto . . . within a moment he is seated at a table with his refreshment before him, whilst those of us with forbearance, who have been standing in line for the last twenty minutes, wonder by all that's holy why we don't reach out and slosh him.

**The Rockefeller, or Twenty Dollar Bill Expert:** This bright spark crops up unflinchingly in the middle of the morning rush. He purchases merchandise to the value of a dime, then plunks down his bill of large denomination with a swashbuckling attitude of "change it or else." The resulting confusion at the Cash Till consumes two more valuable minutes of break time, and visible fragments of our magnificent molars.

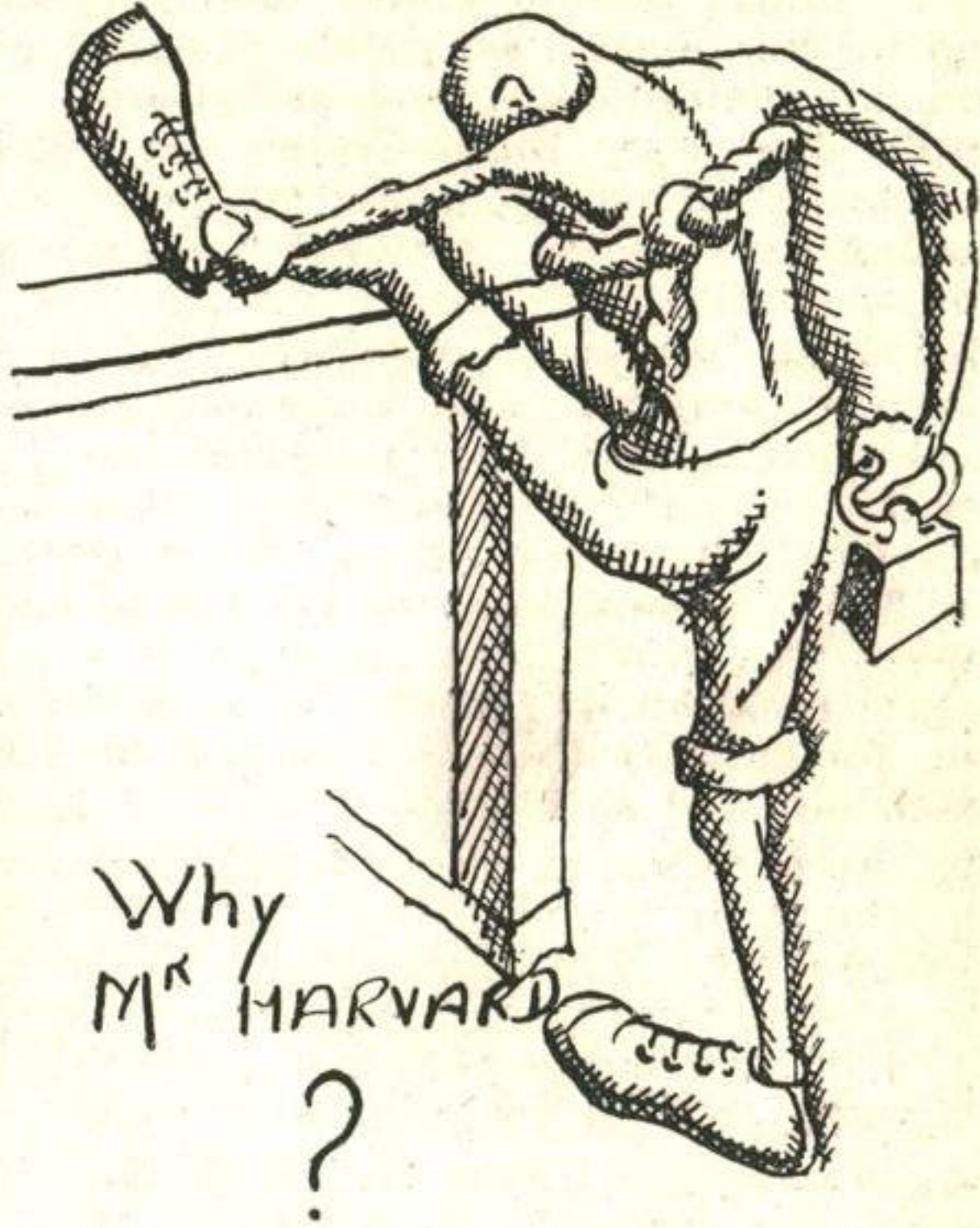
**The Woolton, or Buyer for the Nation:** Rather a reverse type to our Rockefeller, this erk. Clutched tight in his oily mit is a minute and begrimed document, the product of much brain fag and many pencil-sucking moments, and which bears the requirements of an entire flight. Mountainous heaps of merchandise pile up before him, and just as it reaches the skyline, he bawls, "Jed"! Whereupon "Jed" emerges from the rear armed with an empty jam bucket and when this has been filled with delectable fluid (thereby emptying an Urn), he pushes into the capacious maw created by an oversize shirt and an overtight belt all the merchandise that his belt and abdomen can reasonably support. Woolton then tips out on the counter a confused mass of small coinage representing the dregs from the money bags of a whole flight, and then, gripping two milk bottles in his teeth, and with armloads of mixed oddments (and half a box of straws), he staggers off behind "Jed." So are the wants of the hangar wolves satisfied.

**The Party of Old Pals, or Boys Will Be Boys:** Who is it that has not seen these little groups gather? Usually there is a sprinkling of two-tapers, an LAC or two to strike a balance, and a small mob of erks that assembles in a grimy clot round a couple of tables or in a booth, and there it proceeds to make whoopee. Tea, or other liquid refreshment, is sipped, sandwiches, cake, or what have you, disappears at an alarming rate, and then begins the fine game. Paper plates are spun hither and thither with reckless abandon. Wads of paper make lovely missiles . . . tipping over chairs, blowing out matches . . . really makes hilarious fun! If one should dare to take an empty chair from such group, it is seized from your hand with a reproachful look and the remark, "Sorry, Harry, this is for one of our lot . . . sorry chum"!

**The Bottle Collector . . . The Carrier of White Ewers . . . The . . . .** Well, never mind the rest of the types; you know them all well. Surely there is a vast field of research here, and who knows whether there may not be an Einstein amongst us making a study of these specimens of erkishness who will find the key to the problems of post-war planning and the new order . . . or maybe the missing link?

## Officers' Mess Chronicle

The introduction of a collection of romantic photographs of Canadian scenes and the addition of some floriate blue curtains has heralded the coming of spring no less than has the revival in the open air of man's long struggle once again in the mastery of the ball. The opening of these spring-time activities was delayed by the imposition of the Harvard step test which incapacitated a large number of Mess members just at the moment when the weather permitted them to emerge from hibernation. No sooner had a lengthy period of total immobility effected a recovery from the crippling results of Harvard gymnastics than F/Lt. Amey and F/O Pearce were observed delivering and receiving scars on the rigger field. In other spheres F/O Thompson is to be congratulated for having his ward-robe selected as a suitable place for the accouchement of the Quarters' cat, whilst her sister in love saunters down the west wing musing on whom she also will soon bestow so unprovoked an honour.



Still blows the wind to England carrying with it this month S/Ldr. Wood, F/Lt. Wallington and F/O Abrahams. S/Ldr. Wood will be missed for the hospitality which flowed at his Red Deer residence, and the Red Deer Golf Course should look greener in his absence. Wallington leaves Penhold with an escutcheon unsoiled by a single prang and Innisfail without a lay-preacher. Abrahams, uninfluenced by kidney pills and an inventory showing a surplus of two R.T. head sets, has sought and won a premature boat. Other postings have all been within the Dominion: to Patricia Bay has gone F/O Merrill, who long evinced indomitable optimism by designing speed boats in the middle of a prairie, and with him goes F/O Corbishley, whose illimitable powers of conversation at the bridge table won him far more points than did his ability to play. Capt. Galbraith has left for Edmonton with the enviable reputation of being one of the only known dentists whom it was as pleasurable to meet socially as in a matter of business. To the wilds of North Battleford, F/O Garrett has gone to carry the gospel of the Link to No. 13 S.F.T.S., and by going to Macleod, our Sister Clendening has caused a break in the hearts of those who like cookies, pontoon and a little sympathy.

For Patricia Bay have also left F/Os. Griffiths and Davies, whose careful system of well-co-ordinated blacks has necessitated their remaining together throughout their aerial career up to the present time. Their great similarity of appearance has led to much confusion in the past—an officer, upon seeing them together for the first time, remarked, "I never knew there were two of you."

Max Norem has written from England, complaining that he, Dury and B. Martin have flown only five hours in the six months since leaving Penhold. He has met W/Cdr. Dale in whose Squadron is Horsley and Walsh, and also W/Cdr. Milligan, who continues to control the activities of Derek Stewart. Those returning home are reminded that letters such as these are most pleasurable to receive for their less fortunate brethren.

Congratulations to F/Lt. and Mrs. Andrew on the birth of a second son.

# Summer Sports . . .

## Cricket

**C**RICKET is the traditional summer game not only of England, but of Australia and New Zealand, too. With many Australians and New Zealanders now stationed with the R.A.F. at Penhold, cricket prospects are bright. The intense rivalry of test match cricket is likely to be reflected on the matting wickets at Penhold when teams from "down under" meet teams from the "old country." The surroundings for these matches will not be the traditionally lawn-like turf and green trees of England, but the somewhat stark background of the hangars and strips of brown coconut matting. New-comers to the Canadian type of wicket will find that it plays very fast and lively. The Penhold practice wicket is a concrete pitch covered with coconut matting, which is always exciting and sometimes dangerous.

As far as is known, the Penhold concrete wicket is the only one of its kind in Alberta. Though all cricket in these parts is played on matting, the usual foundation is red clay. Penhold teams playing away from home will find such wickets are reasonably lively and give both bowler and batsman a fair chance of success, whereas the perfect turf wicket definitely favours the batsman until it is soaked by rain to make a sticky heaven for the bowler. Matting wickets are rarely affected to any considerable degree by the weather.



The only organized cricket within reach of Penhold takes place in Calgary and Edmonton. In each of these cities there are a number of good sporting friendly teams with whom many enjoyable games have been played in previous seasons. These Canadian clubs are about as strong as the average R.A.F. station team. Incidentally, the Australian test match team which toured England in 1934 returned home by way of Canada, playing matches in Calgary and Edmonton, where they were favourably impressed by the standard of play in these parts.

Last season the Penhold team managed to hold their own with Canada's Huttons and Grimmetts, and this year we shall again be visiting the Calgary and Edmonton clubs. We hope to play roughly 20 matches in all, starting the first week-end in May. We play two matches each week-end, one on Saturday and one on Sunday. All the matches will be played away—roughly speaking, two every other week-end, from May to September. It is also hoped to arrange a tour during the summer to Victoria and Vancouver—where there are grass wickets. A very successful tour was made to the Coast last summer, and we have already been invited to take a team there again.

In addition to the fixture list arranged for the station team, it is hoped to organise an inter-section league. For inter-section games, a new pitch is being prepared on the athletic field at the rear of No. 6 Hangar. This new pitch will be ready by the middle of May. If keen cricketers can whip up some enthusiasm in their sections, a league would flourish and provide games for those who cannot get away for the station games at week-ends. Sections who wish to enter teams in the league should appoint a representative to get in touch with LAC Waddelow, the cricket secretary, in the night flying flight.

Equipment is presenting some problems, as we are short of good bats and pads, a situation which our good friend the Sports Officer is doing his best to rectify. We have a fair number of bats, but unfortunately some misguided enthusiast left them soaking in oil throughout the winter of 1942-43, with the

result that they are now more than somewhat overweight and present some difficulty to those not accustomed to wielding Stone Age clubs.

Many new players have already been seen at the nets, and it looks as though the station should be able to put an excellent team into the field. The quality of the team will depend on regular practice, and cricketers are urged to turn out regularly at the nets. Tuesday and Thursday at 18.00 hours are the regular evenings for net practice, but sections or individuals who would like to have the use of the practice wicket on other evenings can always obtain the necessary equipment at the Sports Store.

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## Rugby Football

Rugby Football should enjoy a boom season with so many Australians and New Zealanders now on the unit. The New Zealanders have already been seen in action when "C" and "D" Flights met in a drawn game, each side scoring six points. In a somewhat gory encounter, the senior N.C.O.'s beat the Officers' Mess by the only try scored.

Rugger at Penhold depends on the state of the ground, which is usually too hard and dry in the summer, but it should be possible to play a fair number of games when conditions permit. F/O Bilsland is in charge of Rugby Football on the unit. He plans to arrange station matches with Bowden and teams from Calgary, and, if there prove to be sufficient players, a Seven-a-Side tournament later in the season.

## Athletics

In 1942, R.A.F. Penhold won the Alberta Inter-Services Athletics Championship, but lost the trophy last summer to No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary. Handicapped by a very rough grass track, it was difficult for the team to train as thoroughly as they wished, but this year a cinder track is being laid down at the rear of No. 6 Hangar. With this added facility, there is reason to hope that we may be able to regain the trophy.

The first athletics meeting of the season is already arranged for June 7 at Bowden, where we shall have to enter a strong team to defend the Bowden Challenge Trophy which we won last year. Training will, therefore, have to start immediately. All interested in athletics should get in touch with F/O Locke or P/O Stewart. Those who specialise in "field events" can obtain the necessary missiles for practice from the sports store.

## Tennis and Badminton

Tennis and Badminton are all-the-year-round sports at Penhold. Owing to the impossibility of cultivating good grass and the lack of an outdoor hard court, both these games will continue to be played indoors in the Drill Hall. Tournaments have recently been organised to play off for trophies for both games. The winner of the winter tennis tournament, F/Lt. Mitchell, is already in the second round of the new tennis tournament, together with LAC Gibbons, LAC Goymer and AC Maisey. Competitors in the Badminton tournament are asked to play off the first round as soon as possible.

Outdoor tennis can be played on hard courts at Red Deer and Sylvan Lake. There is a fair supply of balls and rackets, which can be taken out on loan from the Sports Store. It is possible that arrangements may be made with the Red Deer Tennis Club for reduced membership rates for R.A.F. tennis players. There are two courts in Red Deer, opposite the C.N.R. station.



## Soccer

Sub-zero winter weather makes it necessary to play England's leading winter game in the summer in Alberta—often on dust-laden pitches on hot evenings with the air singing with mosquitoes. Despite these discomforts, enthusiasm for soccer is irrepressible. R.A.F. Penhold has twice won the Alberta services championship. What will come of the Alberta League this year is not yet known, for our chief rivals, the R.A.F. Calgary team, are no more, as their unit has been closed down. A meeting of the Alberta Inter-Services League will be held on April 29 to make decisions for the summer.

Within the unit, the coming season should prove the most successful we have yet seen at Penhold. So many teams have entered the inter-section League that it has been necessary to establish "A" and "B" Leagues, the top teams in each League playing off for the Station Championship at the end of the season. Trials and practices already held have revealed a wealth of new talent which will make competition keen for places on the Station teams.

Making the best of an early spring, the "Big Benders," of Innisfail R.1., have already been seen in action, scoring a notable victory over R.A.F. Bowden on April 12 by three goals to none. The R.1. team is formidably strengthened by AC Ferguson at outside right—Ferguson has had a long and successful career in professional football with Grimsby and the "Wolves."

The chief problem of running a large inter-section league is to find the referees for so many games. Anyone with experience of refereeing is asked to hand his name in at the Sports Store, or see F/O Draper, who is in charge of station soccer.

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## Fishing

ALBERTA abounds with rivers, streams and lakes which provide excellent fishing of all kinds. The most accessible river is the Red Deer, a short walk due west of the camp. In previous years, R.A.F. fishermen have brought back good catches from the Red Deer River, though there have been times when it seemed that the river was empty of fish. Large pike can be caught on spinners, and there are also trout and gold-eye for the fly fishermen. The gold-eye moves up river like salmon, and the right moment has to be chosen for the best fishing. F/Lt. Mitchell is in charge of fishing. He is an ardent angler who is at present busy collecting information on local fishing. He will pass on good advice to any who like to get in touch with him.

Some of the best spots for fishing the Red Deer are a little far afield. Two popular places are the junction of the Medicine River and the Red Deer, some five miles west of Innisfail aerodrome, and the junction of the Blindman River and the Red Deer, about six miles north of Red Deer. Lake fishing is poor on Sylvan Lake, but is said to be better on Gull Lake. The best of near-by lakes is Pine Lake, twenty miles due east of Penhold. This is an unusually pretty lake which is well stocked with perch and pickerel, which can be caught with spinners from a boat. There are a number of pleasant hotels on the lake for those who can get out there for a "48."



Owing to gasoline restrictions, transport is the chief difficulty in getting to the best fishing localities. There is magnificent fishing in the foothills streams fifty or sixty miles west. Two of the best known are the Raven and the Clearwater, but they can only be reached by car. There is also good fishing in the neighbourhood of Rocky Mountain House, which can be reached

## Concert . . .

SOMEbody said it couldn't be done, but he, with a chuckle, replied . . .” These words were brought to mind after having seen and heard the concert presented to us at the Recreation Hall on Thursday evening, April 6th, by Penhold's two very versatile musicians: Gordon Morris, conducting the Light Orchestra, and Don Walmsley, directing the Dance Band. Between them, they put over a really magnificent show. The programme was arranged so that classics and hot-rhythm were interspersed, giving the hypercritics no time to be bored by one or the other. Two or three sideline entertainers chipped in here and there to increase the variety: Stan Atkinson—who needed no introduction, “Tiny” Murgatroyd—a pleasantly polished compere who had trouble from telegrams delivered by Dightam—extension 31, while White-Ridley's naughty nonsense, as usual, cut rather close to the humerus. Last but not least was the “tigress” who crossed the stage but once and all too quickly . . . for the wolf-cubs.

Since its inception six months ago, Gordon Morris has whipped the Light Orchestra up to symphonic height. We listened to the Intermezzo from “Cavalleria Rusticana” and found no fault. “Orpheus in the Underworld” was rendered admirably, even though the strings were slightly overpowered by the brass in one recurring phrase. “Two Guitars,” the enspirited Russian traditional, reminiscent of a previous concert by the Ukrainian Orchestra, was played with comparable skill. George Garner, first violin, proved himself to be a real asset and, with Delibes “Pizzicato,” a pleasing soloist. Sonorous baritone Gordon Morris sang Schubert's “Ave Maria” and also a commendable composition of his own containing delightful modulations. Denny Denton, heavily armed with a brass Bass, put over “The Drinking Song”—an appropriate choice for his instrument—and in spite of our doubts, safely descended to bottom “G”. Jock Annand brought his 'cello to the footlights and played Massenet's “Elegy” with sure intonation. Don Walmsley, better known as a saxophonist and follower of Bing Crosby, proved that his voice had other capabilities. He sang “The Lord's Prayer” and the old-time ballad, “Because”: Paul Robeson can look towards Penhold for an understudy. Sullivan's “Lost Chord” is always a favourite, and Zig Aldred gave us a treat with his trumpet solo.

The Dance Band has gained by the influx of new members. “My Heart Tells Me,” “How Sweet You Are,” and other modern swing numbers were played with a touch of Paul Whiteman. It is understood that Joe Cormier was not trained by Benny Goodman, although his work with the clarinet, commonly known as “the gobstick,” was hot—very hot. “Bill” Sykes, gracing a central position on the stage with his drums, kept the rhythmic section in order and enlivened the party with enraptured facial contortions which appear to be part of a good drummer's stock-in-trade.

This concert of great variety came to a close with “The R.A.F. March Past” played by all instrumentalists. Our sincere thanks go to Gordon Morris, Don Walmsley and all performers for the time and effort given to producing this very fine show.

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by train or bus. Those who wish to spend a period of leave fishing might find it profitable to go into the Rockies to the mountain lakes. Some of the winter ski lodges are open in summer and provide access to mountain lakes, and there fishing can also be combined with riding.

The station has acquired a good stock of fishing equipment, though there is a wartime shortage of reels. F/Lt. Mitchell has been making a wide search of Alberta for reels, and anyone who knows where they may be obtained should let him know immediately. Rods and tackle can be taken out on loan from F/Lt. Mitchell for short trips or for leave. Those who contemplate fishing trips should make sure of the dates of the “season” for the various fish. They are also advised to bear in mind that the mosquito season generally coincides with the fishing season, and to take appropriate action accordingly.

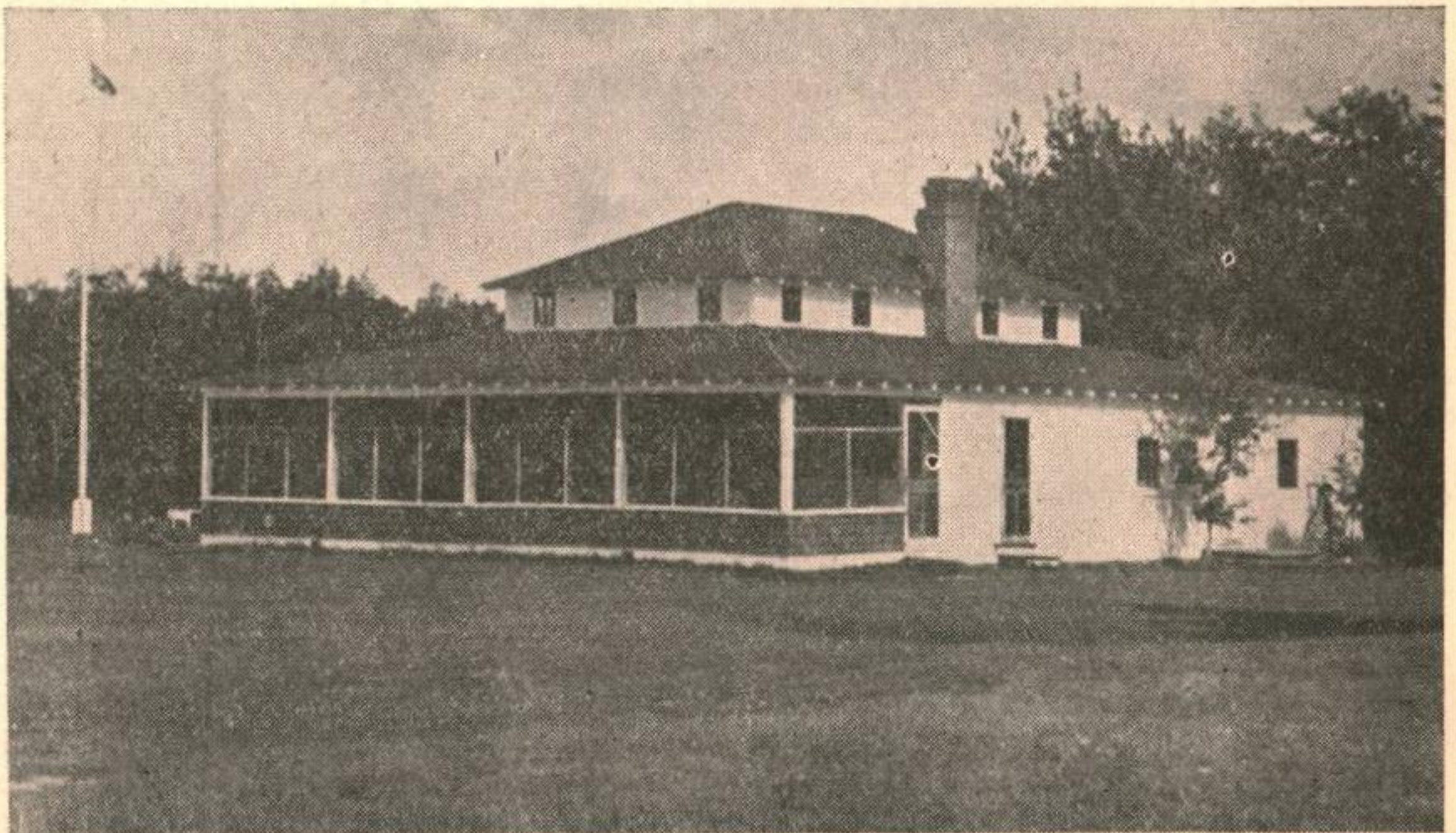
## Golf

WESTERN CANADA, being well stocked with gentlemen of Scottish ancestry, is equally well stocked with golf courses. Within reach of Penhold there are courses at Red Deer, Innisfail and Sylvan Lake. A large number of golfers at Penhold have made it known that they hope to make use of these opportunities during the summer. At present negotiations are being undertaken with the Red Deer Golf Club for reduced fees for R.A.F. members, and any arrangements made will be announced in D.R.O.'s. In the meantime, green fees at the Red Deer Club stand at 50 cents for officers and 25 cents for airmen. A limited amount of golfing equipment is available on loan from the P.S.I. At present the P.S.I. has seven sets of clubs, but it is hoped to obtain some further sets. Balls may also be taken out on loan—on payment of a substantial deposit which is designed to encourage a vigorous search for balls which disappear into the bush. The shortage of balls is serious, and it is imperative that golfers do their utmost to keep the P.S.I. stock intact.



The Red Deer Golf Club is reached by following the main road north out of Red Deer, crossing the bridge, and after the road turns north away from the river, taking the first turning on the left. It is a very attractive course of 18 holes set within a bend of the Red Deer River. The country here is rolling and wooded. Good fairways have been cut through what was once bush. The greens are of sand, which make putting difficult for those not blessed with local knowledge. The lay-out of the course puts a premium on accuracy rather than length, for slicing and hooking

is usually penalised by a spell of searching through the undergrowth. In previous years, tea and refreshments have been available at the club house.



Red Deer Golf Club



## R.A.F. Blackfalds or . . . A Magnet in The Bush

MR. BOSWELL, the famous diarist, and perhaps the first of the great family of Stooze, on the occasion of his visit to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson, made one of his customarily fatuous remarks. "Do you not think, sir," he asked, "that these Islands are indeed far removed from man?" Knowing what was expected of him, the Doctor made his customarily tart reply. "Sir," he answered mightily, "there is but one criticism I would make of that. There are too many Scotsmen." Perhaps, though, if the cantankerous dictionary compiler had ever visited Blackfalds R.2 with his biographer, his reply might have been, "Sir, I agree; there are not even enough Scotsmen."

This little station lies approximately 80 miles south of the Cross-Roads of the World and 120 miles north of the Voice of the Prairie. Though we had been warned that this assignment was comparable only with the sort of exile missionaries wish upon themselves, we found the natives friendly. There is excitement in assuming the role of the pioneer. As we turned west at the third of the six buildings on the right (which make up the town of Blackfalds, and the inevitable elevators dropped out of sight behind us, our blood quickened. A feeling that we were indeed passing into the unknown and the realm of imponderables grew in proportion as the road surface deteriorated.

### Tour of Inspection

A first sight of Penhold's Last Outpost is calculated to create alarm and despondency in the most cheerful heart. This, one realises instinctively, is what is meant by "The Sticks." A squat Control Tower perched on the end of a long shed-like building is barely visible against a background of brush and scorched earth. After a violent ride across what we took to be unclaimed prairie we reached a long building 300 yards from the road, and found it to

be a garage in which was stored vast quantities of grass seed. With the utility van still shuddering after such a stiff canter across the rough, we set off to explore further.

Below the Tower is a large and airy room known as "The Office," which is used largely as a dining and rest room. Here at any time may be found a brisk session of crib, solo, or even some more chancey game in progress, interrupted only by the mournful cry of "Calling Haddock Three," or the more cheerful bellow of "Tea Up." The central heating apparatus is an immense structure with pipes radiating from it like the tentacles of a Buck Ryan devil-fish, which has on occasion applied a back-draught to the seat of Cpl. Russell's trousers. South of the Control Tower lie the as yet uninhabited billets. Their glazed flooring, sunny rooms, and shining ablutions are a source of admiration to all who see them.

That is all. Beyond stretches only prairie and brush. Far away in the west are the Rockies like the spiked back of a dinosaur. They bring a sense of the finite to an otherwise unrelieved infinity.

## Wolf, Wolf . . .

But we are not alone. There are two very dignified and friendly cats, Tiger and Darkie. They hold the honour of being the first R.A.F. personnel to take up residence at Blackfalds, for they have been co-opted into the service in recognition of their work as ACH u/t spider catchers. The indigenous fauna are either still hibernating, or else do not amount to more than an occasional gopher.

However, there was great excitement one night when a Police Corporal returning from patrol reported having seen the tracks of a large animal. With thoughts of wolf bounty, an investigation was immediately instituted



Blackfalds Pioneers

with all available armament. It was discovered that the tracks headed dead south. Reluctantly it was concluded that a natural mistake had been made in attributing them to a wolf, and they belonged, in fact, to Cpl. B. H. Jones steering a steady course for Red Deer and the Club Cafe.

Life at Blackfalds has a pleasant sameness. We eat when we wish and, at the discretion of the cookhouse, what we like. We have become tolerable cooks, and F/O Parr and other visiting officers, who share our quiet evenings, have been heard to mutter of finger-pulling back at Penhold, and wistfully hope that Blackfalds culinary methods might be introduced back at the parent unit. This is perhaps too flattering, for our repertoire hardly extends beyond fried steaks, and our apparatus is primitive. We are a friendly bunch, however, and as pioneers we like to welcome our visitors with a mixture of British and Western hospitality.

## Secret Weapon

Legends abound at Blackfalds. One of the pleasantest is the current local fancy that we have there a secret weapon of the "Death Ray" variety. Once caught in the embrace of this infernal machine, planes have no option but to fly low, so presenting the whites of the pilot's eyes to any interested party on the ground. A rival school of thought inclines to the view that a gigantic magnet is installed in the Control Tower which attracts planes as a light does moths, to their doom. This view has often been regarded as a logical deduction by personnel in the Tower, though at other times it has appeared that the magnet has been operating with inaccurate results. So far the rugged landing strip has presented no irresistible attraction, except to F/O Parr.

Any picture of Blackfalds would be incomplete without mention of Mr. Jim Miller and Mr. George Coverdale. They have performed the duties of fireguards, meteorologists, diggers out of transport (snow) and diggers out of transport (mud), natural historians and spinners of yarns of the old days when the West may have been a little tougher than it is now. Their unfailing kindness and good humour will be remembered gratefully by all R.A.F. pioneers who have come to know them. Their wives have more than once proved to us that fried chicken should clearly be exported to the United Kingdom for the purpose of finally cementing the ties of friendship between Canada and the Old Country.



Red Deer River, April, 1943 — When the Ice Jammed

## For Pupils Only

WITH the opening of the golf season and the exodus of the Committee to the local course, the editor has been having even more difficulty than usual in rounding up the month's contributions to the "Log." Since much of the "Log" is churned out month after month by a small band of amateur scribblers (cries of "Shame"), and since in consequence it may tend



Cream of the R.A.F.

to give a one-sided picture of life on the station, the time has obviously come to make a strong appeal to those strong silent men of Penhold—the pupils—to burst into song and to fill the pages of the "Log" with their spring-song. The "Log" belongs to them as much as to the staff, and since in aircrew is the cream of the Royal Air Force (unprintable comments from the ground staff), it follows that at Penhold genius is latent, and requires tapping. It stands a great deal of tapping by the Chief Ground Instructor and his fellow inquisitors, and it might stand some more by the "Penhold Log" Committee. What better answer to a maiden's prayer than a "Pupils' Number" of the "Log?" We anticipate your answer to that one. We think you're very rude.

The pages of the "Log" are libellous in the extreme. We know that the average pupil, cream of the nation of Empire-builders and all that, hesitates to be associated with anything less spectacular than a London daily (we trust we do

him no injustice, but as Sam Weller would say, "Our vision is limited") but if each pupil would determine to leave it a better magazine than he found it, it might yet be read from coast-to-coast. We were referring, of course, to the coasts of Lakes Sylvan and Buffalo. As we said before, the Committee would be getting their handicaps down now if only a good supply of articles were arriving from the Flights.

We refuse to believe that there breathes a pupil who honestly cannot write a funny paragraph about his Flight, his Instructor, or about the day's doings in his Flight. The Flight Commander usually provides endless material for humorous writing, but beware of writing about him. He is inclined to be vindictive, and it's dangerous to get on the wrong side of such a despot. Mostly, it's safe to write about anybody. The staff are long past caring.

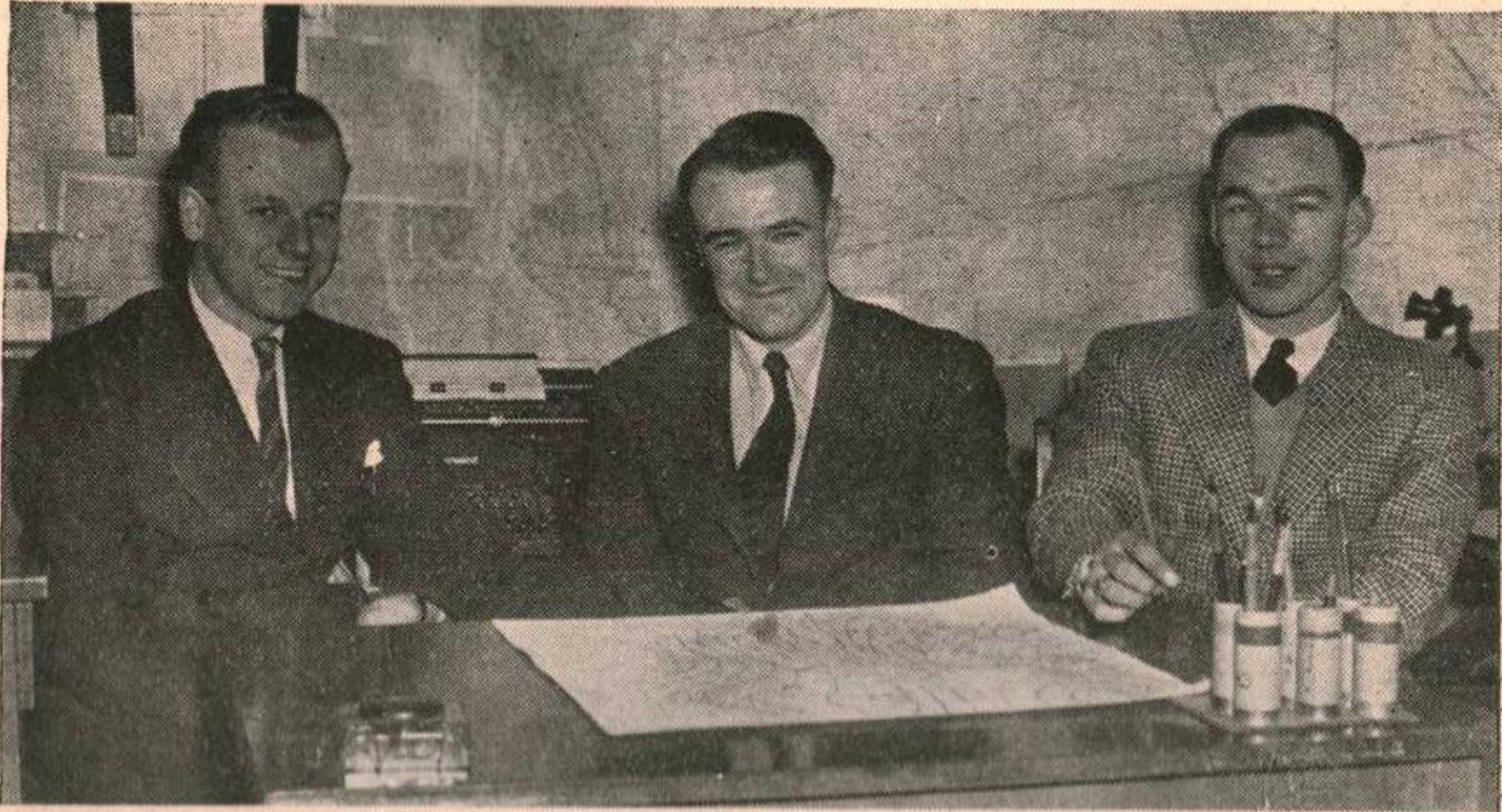
A spot of cribbing from the Flight Line Book is quite in order.

The Committee have recommended to much higher authority that a pupil's character and leadership marks (if any) should be awarded according to the number of contributions he has made to the station magazine, and we have no doubt but that the editor always follows this principle in "B" Flight.

Jot down a few impressions, inspirations and ruderies during those odd half hours in the crew room when your aircraft has gone unserviceable. We know you're busy, but, for that matter, so are we, and our golf is still terrible!

We'd like that "Pupils Number" in May—contributions to the editor before the middle of the month.

May all your prangs be little ones.



## Chinookery Nook

WEATHER forecasts for Penhold come from an office adjoining the Specialist Flight which has now become familiarly known as Chinookery Nook. There can be found three civilian station personalities who wrestle day and night to make sense of weather observations taken from all over the Dominion—from all over, that is, except from the area where Penhold weather forms, which is the hundred miles between here and the Rockies, which boasts no weather stations. When the weather which forms on the lee-side of the Rockies moves in on Penhold unheralded, the Met. Section becomes a popular centre for Flying Wing social gatherings. . . . .

The senior Met. Man is Bill Stewart, more generally known as "Cloudy". He has been at Penhold since February, 1942, and has gradually come to the conviction that changes in the weather are personally directed for his discomfiture. He is famous for his eloquent outbursts against the injustice of the whole thing. However, he admitted, "I have had a good time here, but I like binding about it."

Asked for his life story, he started: "My autobiography begins, 'I hadn't lived before I came to Penhold.' Before that, I was born at Charlottetown. As a child I was extremely shy. At the tender age of nine I moved to Portage la Prairie. I managed to eke out an existence there, although I was exposed to the Indians. The only thing that saved me was my faithful and ferocious dog, who used to protect me from the natives. Having an ambition to go to the University, I attended public school and high school, and as a young man went to the University of Manitoba. During my last two years, I spent the summer with the Cariboo in Northern Manitoba and the North West Territories on a geological survey. I spent my time in the north breaking rocks, cooking meals, killing mosquitoes and carrying large bundles of provisions and bedding from one lake to another. It was a good life for morons and men with strong backs. I joined the Met. Service in June, 1941, and after four months at Dauphin in Manitoba, I came to Penhold in February, 1942. Oh happy day!

"My hobbies are collecting old firearms, and shooting gophers and ducks—when I could walk. Now I've got arthritis in my right foot, which ought to increase the accuracy of the weather forecasts fifty per cent. I like the

weather at Penhold—it snows in the winter, there is cumulo nimbus and hail in the summer, and it rains.”

Gordon Muttitt, in contrast to “Cloudy,” is a philosophic soul who is rarely put out by the unexpected. “Let it rain, let it snow, I’m easy,” says Gordon. Many efforts to fix a nick-name on him have failed, though he has been spasmodically known as “Dewpoint Dan.” He came to Penhold in September, 1942, and quickly became known as an outstanding wielder of various kinds of rackets. In the Officers’ Mess he was a formidable opponent at the table tennis table in days when you could get ping-pong balls. He is currently the station Badminton champion (having once shattered a steel-shafted racquet with a flick of the wrist), and in the winter tennis tournament he reached the final, to be beaten by F/Lt. Mitchell. And in the Officers’ Mess he recently walked off with the Billiards competition.

Before joining the Met. Service, he was a schoolmaster at Ladysmith, Vancouver Island, teaching Mathematics and Art. He comes from New Westminster, B.C., and is therefore as much accustomed to a temperate climate as the English. Of Penhold weather he says, “What I think about it is not fit to be published, not even in the “Log.” As an artist he has contributed attractive mural decorations to various Officers’ Mess dances, and has given lectures to the Arts and Crafts Club.

In the Met. Section, Gordon is remembered as an ingenious fixer of anemometers. When the wind gauge on the Control Tower was reported unserviceable, he went over and took the works to pieces, only to find that the trouble was that the electric power plug had been pulled out. No doubt discouraged by this failure in the world of practical physics, he has taken to browsing over chemistry text books in spare moments.

The third of the Met. Section trio is Warren Main, who has been dubbed “Wispy,” and can be recognised by the cry “Get Some In.” He came to Penhold last fall, and was put in to share a room with Bill Stewart, who had recently shot a duck which he was keeping to show proudly to his visitors. “Finally,” says Mr. Main, “we ate it in disgust.” Warren Main comes from Hamilton, Ontario, where he went to the McMaster University. He was a lecturer in Economics at the University of Toronto before taking up more the abstruse subject of Meteorology. He found his posting to an R.A.F. unit involved an extensive process of re-education. “I had to accustom myself to a new language and a new style of cooking. After thirty days of steamed pudding, I got to like it,” he says. As a hobby he professes “taking the bus into Red Deer.” According to his colleagues, his interest in the teletype is only equalled by his interest in telephone operators.



Interest in Telephone Operators

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## Miniature Rifle Club

The Station Miniature Rifle Club is again in operation, after being in abeyance for some time due to lack of targets and ammunition. The Club meets in the drill hall at 20.00 hours on Mondays, 18.00 hours Thursdays, for the purpose of practicing target shooting and completing targets for the “Dominion Marksman” awards, a large number of these having been obtained by Club members in the past. Every third Wednesday evening a team, chosen from the Club, represents the station in the D.T.C. inter-unit miniature rifle club competition. Membership is open to all personnel of the station. Rifles are provided for use and members purchase their ammunition at a low cost.